

## Aftermath Domino's story

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Summary: Story two. Domino finally talked to Nathan.

## Aftermath Domino's story

This is a second part to the Aftermath series. This one is in Domino's point of view. All characters are property of Marvel Comics and used without their permission. I've written this long before I know the true ending of the Twelve storyline.

### Aftermath (Domino's story) By Maria Cline

I groaned as I woke up and it was only 4 o'clock. I got up, put on a bathrobe, and walked downstairs. Scott, Jean, and Nate were staying here at headquarters until they recovered from that damn battle. Nathan's wasn't quite here. He was gone and not gone at the same time.

I saw his psimatar lying on the table. It was still glowing with some of that energies that Cable worked with. It was cracked, but not broken. What were we supposed to do with that thing? Keep it for Nate until he grew up again or maybe give it back to Blaquesmith? Or maybe even just toss it. It's not like anyone will want the thing.

I picked it up and felt a tingle from the lingering energy. This is what Cable gave up the guns for. An ancient relic that doesn't exist yet.

It was just sudden, him giving up the guns. I've known him for a damn long time and the man I'd first met would never gone into battle without at least a plasma rifle in hand. Then, after Jean and Scott got married, he changed. Not like he woke up one day and decided to toss out the hardware. It was subtle.

Then he started to use his telekinesis. I thought he'd go back for the guns, but then, he showed up with the psimitar. He was still Cable, he could still handle himself... even better, now. He wouldn't

explain, but I think he felt like he had to prove himself, show that he could make the best of what he had of his powers. But now, he's a helpless baby.

I put the psimatar down and went to the living room. And saw Scott with Nathan in his arms, both asleep, I think. It was hard to tell if a man is awake when he's wearing a pair of goggles. I went up to him quietly and tried to lift Nathan out of his arms...big mistake.

A strong arm reached up and grabbed my arm. It was Scott. He shook his head and asked, "Domino?!"

"Yes, it's me."

Scott scratched his head in a nervous way and said, "Sorry." The baby started to wail. "Oh shit," Scott muttered.

"Shit?" I asked, raising my eyebrow. Scott Summers, straight laced X-Man, cursing, that's something you don't see every day.

Scott ignored me. "I'm sorry, Scott," I apologized. I knew that this entire thing had him jumping. The new X-Men, the baby, and the possibility that his wife could destroy the universe if she blew her temper. "It's just that I missed him."

"We all missed him," Scott said, rocking Nathan to try to get him back to sleep.

"Can I put him to sleep?" I asked.

Scott held the baby closer to him almost protectively. "Relax, I have handled babies before," I lied. I was just afraid. He seemed so small and helpless... I was afraid I'd drop him. Scott looked like he was about to collapse. I could handle the lack of sleep better.

"Are you sure?" he asked hesitantly.

"Yes," I insisted as I held out my arms.

He sighed and carefully handed him to me. "He's very frail."

"I know."

Scott walked out of the room, watching me as I held the baby with false confidence. The second he was out, Nate started to wail again. "Great," I muttered as I rocked him.

I knew what I was doing. I've carried rifles that were heavier than him. He stopped crying and looked at me. God, why did he have to look at me like that? I tried to remember how to hold a baby. "Let's see, try not to be so stiff, Dom," I muttered to myself.

I checked to make sure that everything was clear. I haven't had a chance to talk to him... I needed to talk to him, even if he didn't understand me. "Nate, you really did it this time."

The baby kept on staring at me. "Yes, you. I can't believe that you would do this, Cable. We were so close then... we just drifted apart. I thought that we had all the time in the world. Now, I don't know." I wondered if he knew this would happen. That he would essentially

die...I don't think he expected this. It's so damn ironic that a time traveler would have time fight against him like this.

The baby started to cry, loudly. I was getting frustrated. The psi-link was gone and what's left of him is trapped in a baby. I can't understand what he wanted, don't even know if he can understand a word I said to him. Trying not to something stupid like shake him, I took him to the crib and laid him down. He kept on wailing. "I'm sorry. Okay. Just stop it! STOP IT!" Then, I realize that he had never listened to me before; why would he start now? I picked him up again, whispering to him. "Please. It's okay."

\*\*Domino?!\*\* a female telepathic voice yelled out, \*\*What are you doing?!\*\* I hate it when telepaths yell. They leave big headaches. I've had my fair share of Nate's 'yelling'.

\*\*I'm fine. Don't worry, I didn't hurt him.\*\*

He stopped crying. "Thanks," I said.

\*\*Thank god. He's more relaxed now,\*\* Jean said, tired.

The baby just stared at me again. My broken heart softened and I put my finger close to his. His tiny hand was much smaller than before. I smiled a little as he clutched my finger. I knew that it was some reflex that all babies have. Still, it felt nice. Maybe it was that maternal instincts that most women are supposed to have. Me... maternal? Yeah, right. Still, I can't let anything happen to him. He's still alive. All that's changed is that he's young again and has a new chance. I'll just get to watch him grow up.

"You know, maybe someday I'm going to teach you all I know about guns. I suspect that you will make a great merc when you grow up. Mark my words," I said evilly. "Your father will be so mad at me."

The end?

End  
file.